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N° 1.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

OF A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF FUGITIVE SCOTISH POETRY;

(Chiefly Originals.)

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

I. PASTORALS, by Mr JOHN RANNIE.
II. TAY: A FRAGMENT.

To the PUBLIC.

AS the Publishers of the Scotish Poets, find themselves [illegible] circumscribed, from the Plan of that Work, which will not admit many valuable pieces highly meriting preservation; they have entered upon the Publication of Select Scotish Ballads, and now propose to publish a Collection of the Fugitive Pieces, as do not correspond with the plan of [illegible] the Poets or Ballads. Any poetical productions of this Country, worthy of the public eye, will here find a conspicuous Asylum. Wherefore, communications of this nature addressed to R. Morison and Son, Perth, the Publishers, will be very gratefully attended to.

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THE

RIVER TAY.

A

FRAGMENT.

By Alex. Glas

RURA MIHI, ET RIGUI PLACEANT IN VALLIBUS AMNES.
FLUMINA AMEM, SILVASQUI INGLORIUS.—
VIRG. GEOR. II.

PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,
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1790.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

RIVER TAY.

A POEM.

BOOK FIRST.

THY ſilver ſtreams and vernal banks, O Tay!
Inſpire my ſoul, and ſwell the muſes lay:
O cou'd my verſe riſe equal to my theme,
Wind with thy ſhores and warble with thy ſtream.
No more ſhould Thames triumphant flow along,
Nor Pope nor Windſor ſhou'd tranſcend my ſong,
Let the ſwoln Danube boaſt it in his courſe,
In Alps in clouds in heaven to loſe his ſource,
Since heaven t'would ſeem thy lot obſcure deſign'd
On this our world's extremeſt verge confin'd;
Where the ſweet muſes never tun'd their lays
Or rapt a poet's ſoul to ſing thy praiſe;
Yet can thy billows boaſt it they are ſprung,
From hills as great tho' not ſo often ſung.
See! where th' extended Grampion hills ariſe,
Wrapt up in clouds and loſt amid the ſkies,

The Roman arms whom nor the ſeas around,
Nor Alps cou'd ſtop nor diſtant oceans bound;
Here everlaſting hills their arms engage,
Mark out their bounds and mock their thundering rage!
Teach ſtubborn Rome beneath her rocks to bend,
And bid her eagles conquering wings ſuſpend;
Rocks to the terrors of whoſe grizly head,
The Roman look'd, turn'd pale, and ſhivering fled.
From hills like theſe, from mountains top'd with ſnow
The mighty Danube might be proud to flow.
Let yellow Tyber boaſt his borders wear,
All the rich glories of the purple year:
Nor envy him the flowers that round him rank,
Woods are thy flowers, and mountains are thy banks,
What tho' thy rocks and ſavage mountains own
A ſavage race to ſmoother arts unknown,
Where ſcience never dawn'd, nor learning ſhin'd,
Nor manners, Nature into art refin'd;
Yet Nature looſe attir'd attracts the heart,
With charms as powerful as when dreſt by art.
How oft in gardens breathing fragrance round,
With all the artiſt's richeſt thought perfum'd,
We ſigh for Nature's rivers, hills, and plains,
Her artleſs landſcapes and unlabour'd ſcenes.
To them who bred in courts, have learn'd to feign
Smile on their foes, and err from Nature's plan,
Such downright Nature in unborrow'd light,
As ſhines in Scythians may offend the ſight:
Yet ſtill, th' impartial muſe with pleaſure ſings,
The ancient ſhepherds and their warb'ling ſprings,

With

With them in huts at night defires to dwell,
Nor ftartles at the coarfenefs of their ftile.
  Here Innocence (for fo the fable fings)
When baniſh'd Eden's groves and bliſsful ſprings,
An outcaſt, wander'd thro' the deferts wild;
Stranger to man! from human breaſt exil'd:
And fixt her dwelling here: here oft ſhe's ſeen,
Repos'd on banks, or bathing in the ſtream;
Her ſounding turtle pinions oft is heard,
On defert hills beſide the bleeting herd:
Pleas'd here ſhe dwells, nor envies tinſell'd courts,
Their guilty revels, and their gaudy ſports.
The happy ſwains her heavenly influence feel
And pleas'd on Tay, their ruſtic numbers ſwell,
Nor envy Afric's flowery margin'd Nile.
  But ſee where fair Breadalbane's fields ariſe,
Birds charm the ear, and meads enchant the eyes:
Not with more joy, the head of Iſrael's band,
From Piſgah's mountain view'd the promis'd land
Than travellers, when firſt this vale they view,
At diſtance from the mountain's airy brow,
Among the defert hills the valley ſtands,
And ſhines like orient pearl on Indian ſands.
So Eden in the defert world was plac'd,
So ſmiles fair Britain in the wintry waſte.
  But riſe my muſe thy airy wings extend,
Flow with the ſtream and down with Tay deſcend.
See! woods on every ſide diffuſe their ſhade,
See! oaks ariſe, and beech their branches ſpread.

Beneath his banks obſcure the river flows,
Arch'd with embowering greens and pendant boughs.
Behold what various riv'lets wing their way;
Fondly elate, and proud to roll with Tay:
Now paſt the Grampion hills and mounts of ſnow,
Obſerve the vallies ſpread themſelves below.
The faireſt ſide of Nature meets our eyes,
See! flow'ry meads and vernal landſcapes riſe.
But ſtop my muſe: ſurvey that ancient dome,
The walls all ſhatter'd, and the ceiling down.
What traveller paſſes without pity here,
Nor over Cedon's ſtory ſheds a tear!
Shall faithful lovers no remembrance have,
Their fame and breath extinguiſh'd in the grave.
No while the muſe inſpires the mournful tale,
O'er death ſhall triumph, and o'er time prevail;
With graſs o'ergrown, when not a ſtone ſhall tell,
Where theſe ill-fated lovers once did dwell.
Swains yet unborn the ſtory ſhall relate,
And weep o'er Cedon and Irea's fate.
Cedon, all-charming youth, Irea lov'd,
Irea, gentle nymph, his love approv'd,
No guilty paſſions knew the beauteous pair,
Their minds were lovely, as their faces fair.
One ſoul inſpir'd them, and one lovely pain,
Thrill'd in each breaſt, and languiſh'd in each vein:
In mutual oaths they ſwore on every ſide,
No time ſhou'd part them, nor no age divide:
The ſilent moon was witneſs to their vows,
And echoing hills approv'd their harmleſs loves.

Cedon

Cedon from anceſtors deriv'd, adorn'd
With endleſs fame, and by their country mourn'd,
Durſt not the ſtory of his paſſion move,
Or wound a father's ears with tales of love:
The youth for ſcenes more great he had deſign'd,
But ſcenes more great, the youth before declin'd.
What room can towering wing'd ambition find,
Where love's ſoft ideas flutter on the mind.

Beneath yon craggy hill that murmuring pours
Upon the fruitful plain her limpid ſtores;
Irea's father lov'd his conſort dead,
Irea was the only joy he had;
Nor heaven with plenty on the father ſmil'd,
To make the daughter bleſs'd, the father toil'd.

But love 'twixt rich and poor no difference knows,
Like death he levels, friends as well as foes:
Beſide the ſtream or in the noon-day ſhade,
Oft Cedon chanc'd to meet the charming maid,
He view'd the maid, and as he view'd he ſigh'd!
He gaz'd: he lov'd! and for fruition dy'd!
Long time the youth with well diſſembl'd art,
Cover'd the joys and tranſports of his heart,
Till burſting bounds, he tells without reſerve;
How much he loves, how well the maid deſerves,
Nor from his parent hides the amorous tale,
But pleads for Irea with a lover's zeal.
His father hears and with a parent's care
Warns him to ſhun the ſoft inchanting ſnare.

Inglorious youth! go follow fame (he cries)
Thro' toils and dangers reap the glorious prize;

Love's

Love's but a dream that fancy's art ſupplies,
But ſoon as reaſon dawns the viſion flies.
Let reaſon then thy ſlumbering ſoul awake,
Unſeal thy eyes, and love's inchantment break.
Go trace in fields of burniſh'd ſteel and flame,
The road to honour, and the path to fame;
So joy ſhall crown thy parent's lateſt days,
And his age flouriſh with his children's praiſe.

Cedon more fir'd with love than fields of fame,
A father's counſel was but ſpent in vain;
Youth is too hot to yield to cooler age,
And love oppos'd but burns with double rage:
As mounds rais'd up to ſtop the river's courſe
But ſwell her currents and augment her force.
Not all a parent's tender love cou'd ſay
To cure his paſſion and his flames allay
Cou'd aught avail: At length the youth confeſs'd
How laſt night Hymen's torch had made him bleſt,
Amaz'd the father ſtarts! *How bleſt?* (he cries)
Bleſt in my nuptial bed; (the youth replies.)
Pity no more the father's thoughts engage,
A parent's fondneſs turns and ſwells to rage
Rage tears his breaſt and fury fills his eye.

Hence from my doors! thou art not ſprung of me.
Is this the fruit my early hopes diſplay?
Are all my early hopes thus blown away?
For this the fondneſs that a mother ſhow'd!
Was all her fondneſs thus in vain beſtow'd?
What joys a father felt to think his ſon
Shou'd riſe to glories by his fathers won!

What

What need I talk what hopes I had conceiv'd,
Thoſe proſpects now are gone and I'm deceiv'd:
Hence from my aking ſight thou vile diſgrace!
Thou woman's ſcandal to thy father's race.
He ſaid—the youth with trembling lip replies,
(While tears inceſſant ſtarted from his eyes)
If e'er a parent's heart was made to prove
Th' unbounded power the magic force of love,
Let pity, Ah!—I'll hear no more (he cries)
Am I a woman to be won by ſighs?
While in my veins the vital current flows,
And warm with life the purple liquid glows:
No more a ſon ſhall ſuch a father own,
Exil'd from thought, eraz'd, forgot, unknown!
He ſaid and turn'd away, nor aſk'd replies,
And the ſad youth departs with ſtreaming eyes,
In ſoft Irea's boſom pours his grief;
In woe his refuge, and his joy in life.
Beneath a ſpreading oak's extenſive ſhade,
Conſcious of vows in riſing tranſports made
That oft when ſtars had ſpangl'd all the ſkies,
Had heard the lovers mingle ſighs with ſighs,
The amorous Cedon found the gentle fair,
Her boſom panting with unuſual care;
He wipes the tears that forth in ſilence ſteal,
And then to Irea tells the mournful tale,
The mournful tale with ſorrow fills her eyes,
She view's th' unhappy youth, and thus replies—
For me ſhall Cedon ſtand expos'd to ſhame?
Nor ever hear with joy a parent's name,

O think

O think what riſks you run, what woes ariſe!
Are Irea's charms ſo dear in Cedon's eyes?
Can'ſt thou the pinching cares of want endure?
Or bear the inſults that attend the poor!
By friends neglected or in vain deplor'd,
Spurn'd by the proud, and by the rich abhor'd.
Oft have I heard that heav'n expos'd the great
To change of fortune, and the ſtorms of fate;
While peace ſecure the lovely ſwain enjoys,
Unvex't with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
In tempeſts, ſafe the humble oziers play,
While elms are ſplit, and oaks are born away.
Ah! had this heart a leſſer object found,
And equal fortune Irea's nuptials crown'd,
Secure I might have paſs'd my future days
Careleſs of grandeur and deny'd to praiſe.
There if by chance thy words and ſoft'ning ſighs
Shou'd ſtart to mind and on remembrance riſe,
The tranſient thought ſhou'd vaniſh with a ſigh,
And every wiſh beyond my fortune die;
There ſafe my future years in peace ſhou'd move,
And Irea's heart forget her Cedon's love.
What have I ſaid? can Irea's heart forget
Its wonted motion, or its vital heat?
Cou'd fields? cou'd palaces or ought that's gay
Afford delight and Cedon far away?
No till the ſoul ſhall from this manſion fly
On the lip quiver on her organs die.
Till on the threſhold ſhe her heav'n explores,
Parleys with death, and flies for unknown ſhores;

Till

Till then this heart with conſtant rapture glows,
Nor joy nor other heaven without thee knows.
Ah! charming maid! (the amorous youth replies)
Thy love too well a parent's ſmile ſupplies.
Think'ſt thou that poverty my ſoul cou'd move?
Can I be poor when bleſt with Irea's love?
Can want depreſs or pinching cares moleſt
That happy youth that leans on Irea's breaſt?
With thee (more grateful to my eyes than day!)
Grim want ſhall ſmile and poverty look gay.
Let others feaſt on grandeur's ſumptuous charms
Give me a hut and Irea in my arms.
If lovely Irea in the cottage dwells,
The hut to me the brighteſt dome excells
For love did Anthony reſign his ſway,
Cancel his fame and throw the world away;
And ſhall I grudge a loſs ſo ſmall as mine,
For charms that yield not to th' Egyptian queen?
Ah! had my ſtars beſtow'd an equal fame,
And given that world ſhe gave the Roman ſwain,
Heav'n knows my ſoul had giv'n a proof as great
Since like our flames if like had been our fate
Why does the tear hang tremb'ling in thy eye?
Thou'rt more than father, more than all to me.
Bleſt with thy heav'nly preſence, O my ſoul!
No land's unpleaſant nor no climate dull.
With thee on diſtant iſlands unexplor'd,
Where ſhip ne'er ſail'd where galley never mov'd,
There other toys I cou'd with eaſe reſign,
Nor wiſh to view another face than thine.

Nay

Nay in the grave, cou'd conſtant lovers glow,
Feel ſoft deſire, and mutual ardour know.
E'en there with thee I cou'd for ever ſtay
Nor envy life, nor wiſh to view the day.
So talk'd the lovers: and with words like theſe,
Huſh every ſorrow, every grief appeaſe.
Here where the ſtreams of Tay obſcurely wind,
Retir'd the lovers, and left wealth behind.
Here long forgot, inglorious, far from noiſe,
They lov'd, and barter'd fame for ſofter joys;
Tho' poor, the fair Irea's aged ſire,
Earns for his offſpring, and befriends the pair.
Thus in the charms of ſweet connubial love,
The ſmiling years in happy circles move;
At length, a ſon the product of their vows,
Their bliſs augments, and ſoothes their other woes:
But ah! how ſoon our conſtant woes return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.
It chanc'd as Irea near the banks of Tay,
Where fragrant meads their flow'ry pride diſplay,
Walk'd to enjoy the coolneſs of the ſhade,
The little *boy* around his mother play'd;
He crops the beauteous flowers along the green,
And gathers pebbles by the murmuring ſtream;
The murmuring ſtream with pleaſure ſtrikes his ear,
He bares his limbs, and innocent of fear;
Heedleſs attempts the flood and leaves the ſhore,
Around his limbs the waters gently roar.
But ſoon the rapid currents mighty force,
Sweeps up his feet, and whirls him in the courſe,

Sinking,

Sinking, he caſts around a haggart eye,
And calls his mother with a mournful cry?
The well-known voice too ſoon the mother hears,
She turns, ſhe ſtarts, and feels unuſual fears,
But ah! what pangs of anguiſh tore her breaſt,
With all a mother's fondeſt love oppreſt:
When pale ſhe view'd him, ſtretch'd the wave along
And heard the fault'ring accents of his tongue.
With dying voice he ſpeaks, and ſpeaks with pain,
And calls in hollow ſounds, a mother's name!
A ſound like this, what mother's ear cou'd hear;
A ſight ſo piteous, ſay, what ſoul cou'd bear,
Stung to the heart, and frantic with the pain,
My ſon! ſhe cries, and plunges in the ſtream:
The ruſhing waters whelming round her move,
She ſhrieks! and now her heels are toſs'd above.
And now ſhe rears her pale diſtorted face,
Calls for her ſon? and ſeeks a laſt embrace.
She ſtretches out a mother's arms in vain,
Borne back by waves, and carried by the ſtream;
Till with relentleſs force the waters riſe,
Boom o'er her head, and ſeal her cloſing eyes.
Yet thrice ſhe rais'd her head before ſhe dy'd!
And thrice *my ſon*! with broken voice ſhe cry'd!
Then down ſhe ſunk. Alas! no more to riſe,
And Tay in murmurs ſeem'd to ſympathize.

The neighbouring village firſt the tale invades,
And big with grief the mournful ſtory ſpreads;
The tale is told with tears, and as they tell
Infectious ſorrow on the hearers ſteal.

At length to Cedon's ears the ſtory came,
What man in joy can bear the extremes of pain;
The diſmal news the wretched father found,
Fixt like a ſtone, and thunder ſtruck with ſound.
He changes colour, clouds o'erſpread his mind,
Nor ſighs get vent, nor tears a paſſage find,
Till waking from his trance—he turns about,
Groan follows groan, and tears on tears ruſh out.
He ſeeks his chamber—*O my ſpouſe!* (he cries)
And O my ſon!—and gives a looſe to ſighs!
Will time run back, a father's wiſh reſtore!
A father and a huſband now no more!
And ſhall theſe weeping eyes no more ſurvey
My ſpouſe, my ſon, for ever borne away!
To ſeas unknown, to mangling fiſh a prey;
For ever (and ſhall Cedon ſtay behind)
Exil'd the day, and baniſh'd human kind.
The chamber round the wretched youth forlorn,
In ſympathizing echoes ſeem'd to mourn.
Oft to the roof he threw his mournful eyes,
And wrung his hands and blam'd the cruel ſkies.
Oft, on the ground, with downcaſt look he pores,
Till wak'd by torturing thought, he ſtarts, he roars,
No child in the fond mother's arms careſs'd,
Weeps with more paſſion when new-wean'd the breaſt.
Th' extremes of woe and ever riſing grief,
His brain diſtempers and conſumes his life,
Remembrance wounds, and ſtings without controul,
Wakes new to grief, and freſh to tears the ſoul.

Each

Each thing his confort us'd, gives caufe to mourn,
And like himfelf feems widow'd and forlorn.
Her words, her actions no oblivion know,
For oh! how vaft a memory has woe.
Nor fleep a refuge to his forrows prove,
In dreams he ftarts, and thinks he fees his love!
Howling in fhades, or wandering with her fon:
All pale beneath the lamentable moon!
Now fraught with youthful fmiles fhe comes again!
Speaks kindly words, and foothes the dreamer's pain:
Till gazing on the well remember'd face,
And ftretching for the lovely fhade's embrace;
Her vifage alters into fad defpair!
She fhrieks! and vanifhes in empty air.
He dreams in paths unknown he feems to ftray,
Far from mankind; excluded chearful day;
There on the margin of the founding main,
He fees, but ah! how chang'd his fpoufe again!
Remorfelefs tortures on his fpirits prey,
He wildly ftares! and lothes the fight of day:
Penfive he walks along the mazy woods,
Or lonely weeps by fympathizing floods;
He fhuns the hateful fight of human face,
Walks by himfelf: nor feeks a friends embrace;
His pitying fervants offer food, in vain!
Life grows a load, and all its pleafures pain.
Irea's father foon the ftory hears!
Gall to his foul, and wormwood to his ears!
Too deep the tidings wound his feeble age,
No intermitting calms his griefs affuage:

A ſavage anguiſh in his looks appear;
He weeps inceſſant, and he rends his hair;
His ſteps to Cedon's houſe his ſorrow led:
Cedon he found extended on the bed.
Looſe was his robe, and wildly ſtar'd his eyes!
And is it thus? Ah! thus to meet, he cries?
The youth nor to the wretched ſire reply'd,
But turn'd away in agony his head:
A ſight at once ſo cruel and ſevere,
The ſoul-diſtracted father could not bear,
He raves aloud with frantic anguiſh wild!
Why have you rob'd my age? and where's my child?
Then met in tears, and in a ſofter ſtrain,
(Cries) *ſhall we Irea never meet again?*
To Cedon's ſire the mournful ſtory ſpread,
Alas! reſentment burns not for the dead.
To Cedon's houſe he takes his lonely way,
And ſecret ſighs his inward griefs diſplay.
Scarce had he paſs'd the threſhold, when with ſighs!
Ah father! father! wretched Cedon cries!
So ſad a ſound the father cou'd not hear;
He turns about his head, and drops a tear:
A ſilence follow'd, only broke by ſighs!
At length Irea's father thus inveighs!
To whom ſhall helpleſs wretched age complain?
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother now, nor child remain:
In joyleſs age by no relation known,
Barr'd out from human kind, I ſtand alone;
I hop'd, (well pleas'd to view my daughter bleſt)
The grave to viſit, and in peace to reſt.

But this laſt favour heav'n my age denies,
Adds woe to woe, and grief to grief ſupplies.
Ah! what is life? Irea thou art gone!
To diſtant oceans, and to ſhores unknown:
For thee I toil'd, in age affliction bore;
But now thou'rt gone, and lo! I toil no more.
How ſhort is life? how curſt? and ah! how vain?
Where pain earns joy, and pleaſure courts us pain.
Where death's the bitter dreg upon our cup?
Where all who taſte of life muſt drink it up?
He ceas'd, and Cedon wildly thus began,
Is there no cure for love, or bounds in pain,
Ah! tell me much lamented Irea why,
You parted thus without a tear or ſigh?
No friend beſide thee, nor thy Cedon nigh?
Methinks, I ſeem like ſome benighted ſwain,
That weary wanders o'er the deſert plain;
Led by the glimpſes of the doubtful moon,
Thro' pendant rocks and dangerous paths unknown.
O! when will that laſt trumpet rend the air?
Diſpeople ocean, and reſtore my fair;
When ſhall it bellow thro' the boundleſs deep?
Awake, my Irea? 'tis no time to ſleep?
I rave! I rave! the ſounds of ghoſts I hear;
Love is too ſtrong; and grief too hard to bear.
If in the grave our ſouls communion know,
Unfurl the ſails, and let the breezes blow.
Hark! in the paſſing breeze the muſic plays,
And lo! my Irea with the pilgrim ſtrays.

Blow, blow, ye winds, and waft me to the isle;
Death is but rapture, and his gasp a smile:
I faint—he said—the rosy colour flies,
And death in iron slumber seals his eyes,
Around they shriek! and raise a mournful cry!
Grief tears each heart, and sorrow fills each eye.
But let us leave these lonely ruin'd walls,
Time chides our stay, and Tay in murmurs calls.
See! where Dunkeld an ancient city stands,
A rock high vaulting o'er the town impends!
From whose rough top the bright-ey'd eagle soars,
Mounts up to heaven, and eyes us from the stars.
The shaded city, see what woods surround,
What songs of birds, what verdure paints the ground.
Worn out with time and harrass'd out with war,
The ruin'd city seems below thy care.
Let not the passenger her walls explore,
But turn the page and search our annals o'er,
There still she lives, and in her setting shines;
Her walls tho' vanish'd, yet her fame remains.
'Twas here the Romans felt our British steel,
Heaps rose on heaps on thousands thousands fell:
Where at her gate once glitter'd brandish'd spears,
Now oaks arise and peaceful beach appears.
Thus some great chief with fame's bright laurels crown'd
In courts distinguish'd, or in arms renown'd.
Retir'd with age, and many a glorious scar,
To fields where first he drew the vital air,
Moulders away in green paternal shades,
Where his sun sets, and life's weak current ebbs.

Here

Here Brann ſwift rolling, wings his way to fame,
Salutes the Tay, and mingles ſtream with ſtream.
Whoſe waters pour thro' magic ground along,
Thro' Alban's foreſt, fam'd in ancient ſong;
Where airy ſhapes the labouring ploughman ſpies,
Skim o'er the ſtream, and o'er the furrows riſe,
Where in the paſſing winds are heard the ſound
Of broken words, and diſtant yells reſound.
Where the magician waves his myſtic wand,
Back rolls the moon, and ſea is turn'd to land.
Surpriz'd by art, affrighted Nature flies,
From yawning tombs, the pale-ey'd ſpectres riſe,
Kings from their urns long dead, awake again!
Ah! ſee they paſs a lamentable train!
Where ancient Sybils from the hollow cell,
The fate of kingdoms and of kings foretel:
Hapleſs Macbeth, Ah! who can read thy tale,
With blood unfreez'd, and without turning pale,
Whoſe vengeful fate in words ambiguous caſt,
Deceiv'd thy ſoul, but ſtruck thee dead at laſt;
Yet not unhappy while in Shakeſpear's lines,
Thy deeds amaze us, and thy ſtory ſhines.
See! where the Hazel-hill with waving green,
Pours from his fountful ſide the ſhining ſtream.
Hark! how the grotto's of the rock diſtil,
From ſteep to ſteep the muſic dropping rill:
Here from the mountains top at dead of night,
When ſilver Cynthia ſheds her paler light.
The ſound of harps the raviſh'd traveller hears,
And more than mortal muſic ſtrikes his ears.

The

The ſwain oft paſſing o'er the echoing ground,
Hears pipes unnumber'd, and is ſtop'd by ſound.
From hence 'tis ſaid that Scotia's ſons excel,
For harping ſweetly, and for piping well.
Nor need we wonder ſince upon this hill,
The gods deſcend to teach the heav'nly ſkill:
O! had my genius equal fire with thoſe,
Who firſt created, then invok'd the muſe:
No more Britania's ſons ſhou'd turn their eyes,
Where fam'd Parnaſſus and her fountains riſe,
Where fabl'd nymphs their fictious dreams rehearſe,
And fancy'd ſprings are taught to flow in verſe,
A new Parnaſſus ſhou'd adorn our iſle,
And other nymphs on other ſtreams ſhou'd ſmile.
The ſwain ſhou'd then invoke the muſes ſkill,
Or ſoftly dream on Alban's Hazel-hill.
Here from afar, upheld on fancy's wings,
The Bard ſhou'd fly, and laſt our Alban ſprings:
The tuneful tribe, O Tay! ſurround thy ſtream,
Drink living ſprings and quaff immortal fame.
But look! where Tay beſide the mountain roves,
Thro' fields of fragrance, and thro' hazel groves:
See crowding round his banks the willows bend!
And oaks in regal majeſty aſcend.
The ſtooping trees their different charms ſurvey;
As the ſmooth floating mirror glides away.
The beech his branches and the aſh his length,
His ſhape the box-tree, and the oak his ſtrength.
While feather'd warblers on their branches ſing,
Awake the morn, and hail the genial ſpring!

Hark!

Hark! how the lark her tuneful voice extends,
And wing'd with harmony, to heaven aſcends.
O! cou'd the muſe like her ſtretch out her wings:
Like her aſcend: and mount up as ſhe ſings.
Happy the ſwain, who far from noiſe convey'd,
Lives here forgotten in the rural ſhade;
Where no falſe joy above the ſhepherds reach,
Attracts the ſeeker, but illudes his ſearch.
Whoſe bounded wiſhes are attain'd with eaſe,
Whom gurg'ling ſtreams and groves ſequeſter'd pleaſe.
Here let the roving muſe and poet ſtay,
And for the fields an hour abandon Tay.
Come, and beneath the branches let us go,
Sing with the birds, and with the fountains flow.
What gardens with luxuriance riſe around?
With what profuſion Nature decks the ground?
From birch what ſmell, from herbs, what odours flow?
What charms alternate ſhade and light beſtow?
See! from the mount the rills like pilgrims ſtray?
And ſhape in queſt of flow'ry fields their way:
While on their banks the bees ſurround the bloom,
And murmuring waſte thro' air the rich perfume.
Hark! balmy breezes die along the glade,
And nodding branches form a quivering ſhade;
Charm'd with the voice of birds, the tingling ſtream;
The raviſh'd hearer liſt'ning ſeems to dream.
While from the banks of Tay, the woodman's ſong
Detains the viſion, and the dream prolongs.
From hills the bleeting, from the vales the ſound
Of prancing hoofs, and bellowing bulls reſound.

With

With ſofter voice, and more melodious ſtrains,
The warb'ling linnet from the elm complains;
Cover'd with leaves, the mavis wounds the ear.
O! what barbarian feels not pleaſure here.
Sure by ſuch fountains, in ſuch balmy air,
The firſt of mankind wander'd with his fair.
In ſhades like theſe, the firſt fam'd Patriarchs reign'd;
Convers'd with ſeraphs, and with angels din'd.
'Twas in ſuch groves they ſlept at noon, and found
In bliſsful viſion heaven deſcend around.
Not Hæmus bow'ry hill, or Tempe's plain,
Where Sperchius flows, or Tyber ſeeks the main.
Not all the ſtreams the muſes ſons rehearſe,
The living ſprings, the groves yet groan in verſe;
Theſſalian woods, or Arab's ſpicy ſhore,
Nor Carmel's cedar ſhades delight me more.
Here let me ſtay, for ever hid in ſhades,
Theſe fields no crime, no luxury invades.
No luſtful God transform'd, theſe arbours ſtain:
No ſoft adulterer, nor no Cretan dame.
Tho' nymphs tranſcending Helen's charms are here,
Tho' more the virgins than Europa fair.
O! let me ſtill the heav'nly ſcene enjoy.
Sing on ye birds, for I can never cloy.
Behold the ſun in his meridian glows,
Faint is the ploughman, and the oxen lows:
Ye ſylvan ſwains, whoſe ſun-burnt temples own
You've toil'd beneath th' imbrowning Ethiop ſun,
Convey me water from the marble ſpring,
From pendant boughs your ripening apples bring,

Or

Or quick undreſs, and let me plunge in Tay;
Ye billows hide me from the noon-tide ray;
O! that I might in ſtreams diſſolve and rove,
A limpid fountain round the flow'ry grove;
Pleas'd with the fancy that in after-days,
My fate ſhou'd ſwell ſome future Ovid's lays.

And now ye ſtreams, and happy ſhades farewel,
Where plenty ſmiles, and where the muſes dwell.
Where firſt I ſung obſcure in beechen groves,
The ſongs of ſhepherds, and their rural loves.
O! may no horſes hoofs, nor blazing ſhields,
Change the fair viſage of theſe peaceful fields;
Thro' vales of peace let Tay for ever glide,
And palms eternal on his banks reſide.

Now let us riſe, the muſe has ſtay'd too long,
And ſcenes below, expecting, wait our ſong:
See! how the ſhining wood—enamel'd Tay!
In ſerpentizing windings rolls away,
Tho' bleak and rough, the heaths around us ſhow
Eternal verdure on his borders grow.

But look! where crown'd with greens and vocal groves,
From orient ſprings, advancing Illa moves;
Swell'd with the founts that round his margin throng,
And drunk with ſtreams he proudly rolls along,
Yet lo! *O Tay!* he yields his claim to fame,
And loſes all his ſhining ſtreams in thine.
So the fam'd Tigris crown'd with youthful charms,
Diſſolves away in fair Euphrates arms.

O! give me wings ye Nine! conduct my feet,
To the ſtill arbours where my fathers ſleep.

All

All hail Kinclaven! and thy ſpreading bays,
Haunts of my youth, and echoes to my lays.
How often here at night when all the ſkies
Were gem'd with fire, and ſpangl'd o'er with eyes,
E'er dim Philoſophy had darken'd day,
Miſled my ſenſe, and taught my mind to ſtray.
How oft in childhood has my curious eyes,
Invaded heaven, and wander'd o'er the ſkies,
While heav'nly radiance on the gazer glow'd,
And ſtrange delight my infant heart o'erflow'd:
Nor needed I, tho' but a child, a guide
To trace almighty pow'r and find my God.
How oft have I with arms extended run,
Along thy waves, and meaſur'd Tay thy ſtream,
Oft has thy gliding waters murmuring by,
Detain'd my ear, and fixt my wandering eye.
What pleaſure found I in theſe beechen ſhades,
Theſe living fountains, and theſe airy glades,
When blooming freſh in life's unſpotted dawn,
I guiltleſs rov'd around the flow'ry lawn,
E'er vice had darken'd with her ſtorms my day,
And baniſh'd heav'n-born innocence away.
Here, on feſtivals when the noon declines,
On Tay's green bank the aged ſwain reclines,
Or on the bending oziers lays him down,
And baſks his temples in the evening ſun;
While round his little wand'ring children play,
Or naked, tempt the ſhallow ſtreams of Tay.
Look! what a venerable crowd appears!
Bald are their heads, and white their locks with years.

Here

Here purer air extends the life of man,
And healthful labour lengthens out the ſpan.
Thrice happy Tay! that boaſts ſuch hoary heads,
To grace thy banks, and to adorn thy ſhades.
O! more than happy Caledonian ſwains,
That ſow and reap theſe fair Albanian plains,
In other climes let fragrant ſpices flow,
The rubic ſparkle, and the vintage glow.
Let Nile thro' Egypt ſpread his affluent charms,
And graſp the ocean with his ſevenfold arms.
Euphrates vaunt thro' Paradiſe he roll'd,
And angels ſlumber'd on his banks of old.
Let lucid gems the ſhores of China fill,
And weeping amber from the trees diſtil.
From Arab's ſhore let unquent breezes blow,
And rich with gold, the Guinean fountains flow.
What tho' no learn'd, no fam'd Auguſtan age
Shine in thy annals, and adorn thy page;
Theſe fields no vile imperial vices ſtain'd;
Here no Caligula, no Nero reign'd:
Tranſcending liberty, celeſtial maid,
Haunts thy fair plains, and courts thy rural ſhade:
While more luxuriant lands the maid diſowns;
Nor envies Tyranny her diamond crowns.
Bleſt with her eaſy rule, need we repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine;
What tho' we want the vaſt ſuperfluous ſtores,
That heaven to others from his boſom pours.
Along theſe hills no ſavage lion roams,
Here his eyes glare not, nor his fury foams.

Here no green livid ſerpent creeps along,
Spues noxious fire, or brandiſhes his tongue.
Here no fierce tyger tares his panting prey,
Nor roll thoſe eyes that flaſh with baleful day.
No wolves voracious arm'd for rav'nous fight,
Diſturb the ſilent empire of the night.
Secure on hills the flocks their paſtures eat,
And ſafe the tender lambs at diſtance bleet.
Here no Veſuvius' top in flames expires;
And here no Ætna vomits living fires;
No earthquakes here; the rocks and mountains rend;
No cities down diſcloſing gulphs deſcend.
With harmleſs force along our frozen ſkies,
The fiery bolt and red-wing'd lightning flies.
Nor need we ever wiſh a warmer clime,
Tho' here the pole with frozen flambeaux ſhine.
Virgil had never wiſh'd to be convey'd,
To Hamus mountain, or to Tempe's ſhade.
Had he beheld theſe hills with forreſts crown'd,
Theſe cryſtal fountains breathing coolneſs round.
In ſcorching noon, th' Italian cries in vain,
O happy! happy! Caledonian ſwain:
Whoſe groves are ever cool, and mild the ſkies,
Where breezes from the ocean ever riſe;
And wiſhes that ſome God wou'd wing his flight
To Illa's ſtream, or Catla's tow'ry height.
On Sparta's ſhore let lovely Helen ſhine,
And fair Lavinia bluſh in Maro's line:
Here heav'nly virgins boaſt a finer form,
And glow with all the bluſhes of the morn:

Here

Here maids outſhine the fabl'd nymphs as far
As radiant noon outſhines the morning ſtar.
Happy the youth who gazes on their charms!
But happier he who melts within their arms!
Nor tho' the world's extreme be Alban's lot,
Has heaven her climate on her ſons forgot;
For us the ocean breeds his finny ſtore,
And laviſh rolls the treaſure on our ſhore.
To us belongs a land with fertile fields,
Whoſe harveſt's fulneſs to the reaper yields,
That needs not arms to guard her doubtful bound,
Entrench'd in ſeas with rocks environ'd round.
A clime where from their cups the ſeaſons pour,
The genial food of man ſurcharging o'er:
Where neither plagues nor noxious vapours roll,
Warm without ſcorching, without freezing cool:
Rivers where trade her flying ſail diſplays,
Waves the red croſs, and diſtant climes ſurveys.
But ceaſe—A ſhower from yon bleak clouds impend,
The ſtreams grow dark, the larks from heaven deſcend,
To yonder village let's for ſhelter fly,
Till dark'ning clouds unveil the bright'ning ſky.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

THE

RIVER TAY.

A POEM.

BOOK SECOND.

AS joy is doubly charming after pain,
So ſweet's a ſummer landſcape after rain.
The fields, the groves, and meads more freſhly bloom
Moiſten'd with ſhowers and pregnant with perfume.
The drooping birds in Titan's warmer rays,
Dry their wet pinions and renew their lays.
But hark! methinks from Luncarty I hear,
The prancing hoof and rougher ſounds of war:
The brazen thunder riſe in ſhouts around,
And hoſtile armies ſhake the cumber'd ground.
Soft is the verſe that paints the flow'ry plains,
The deeds of Hay demand ſublimer ſtrains.
Ye Nine, while I the ancient tale rehearſe,
Exalt my numbers and inflame my verſe?
Breathe vital heat and vigour thro' the whole?
Life in each word and in each line a ſoul?
So ſhall I paſs unhurt thro' ſcenes of blood,
And ſing the *Peaſant* till he ſhines a god.

Acroſs

Acroſs the fields a breathleſs ſoldier ran:
His body wounded, and his viſage wan:
Where with his ſons in rural toils employ'd,
Old Hay his fair paternal acres plough'd.
The bleeding ſoldier eyes the aged man,
And thus with look ſurcharg'd with woe began:
Ah wretched peaſants! ſay what fate detains
Gray hairs and age upon theſe hoſtile plains?
Theſe fair paternal fields are plough'd in vain;
For other owners ſwells the golden grain.
There was a time—but Scotia's now no more!
Beneath proud ſteeds ſhe breathes her laſt in gore;
Mark how yon rolling clouds from earth ariſe!
Obſcure the ſun and darken all the ſkies!
Hear'ſt thou the victors thund'ring voice from far?
Deal round deſtruction and rouze up the war:
How many youths inſpir'd with love of fame
Groan out their ſouls on yonder deathful plain?
And glut with blood the vengeance of the Dane.
See! here the vanquiſh'd fly, and lo! behind
The victors follow on the wings of wind.
Haſte to yon mazy hill? let's take our way,
Death hangs impending on a moment's ſtay.
He ſaid: and Hay upbraids the wounded man.
Go! thou the ſcandal of thy country's name;
For me I'll lend my years to fame, tho' few,
And give to honour what's to Nature due.
For Scotland's glory in yon fields expire,
Die for her ſake, and mind the funeral pyre.

I've known the day when none of Daniſh race
Durſt look with arms an Alban in the face:
But now thoſe years are fled, and creeping age
Unnerves my ſtrength, and quells my martial rage.
Yet, ſuch as age ſupplies we take the field,
This beam my ſword, the gods ſhall be my ſhield.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Here Thirty-two lines are wanting.

While ſtain'd your fathers ghoſts with vile diſgrace,
Shall hover round and curſe their daſtard race.
In vain! as well might words oppoſe the ſhock
Of ruſhing torrents bounding o'er a rock.
As well might one with arms extended wide,
Dam up a ſtream, or ſtem a ſwelling tide.
Not ſuch confuſion in the ſummer reigns,
When whirlwinds raiſe the duſt on Lybia's plains.
The Daniſh horſe behind refiſtleſs pour,
And bathe their blood-dyed hoofs in human gore;
Or plunge remorſeleſs with compelling ſway,
Th' unwilling victims in the ſtreams of Tay.
Ting'd with the blood of his own Alban race,
Who plough'd his margin in the days of peace.
The threats of Hay are loſt in empty wind,
No threats can ſtop when death purſues behind.
Impetuous thus before a hurricane,
Roll the loud ſurges of the ſounding main.

Heav'd

Heav'd from his bed the ocean ſhakes the ſhore,
Gulphs roll in gulphs, on billows billows roar:
Ships toſs'd unhelm'd, run headlong o'er the main,
Hills riſe, and Belgian mounds oppoſe in vain.
Great Hay enrag'd, commands his ſons to riſe,
Ruſh up the ſtream, and kill each ſoul that flies?
They ſtand like rock: and the whole war oppoſe;
Hew thro' their friends a paſſage to their foes.
Till where the Daniſh horſe purſu'd they came,
Thro' ſhowers of darts and mountains of the ſlain.
There ſtops the war: againſt the godlike Hay
The falchions gleam, and jav'lins wing their way.
The horſe, the heroe and his ſons ſurround,
And flaming ſwords and battle-axes ſound.
His daring ſons the mounted foe o'erturn,
Give ſtroke for ſtroke, and wound with wound return.
In vain the riders round their falchions wield!
Unmov'd they ſtand, and bathe with gore the field.
So in the foreſt tall Norwegian oaks,
Recoil, and blunt the weary woodman's ſtrokes.
On Daniſh ſculls the maſſy plough-beams ſound,
And batter'd helms the manly blows reſound.
In vain the ſhields their brazen orbs diſplay!
Whole troops it breaks, and ſweeps whole ranks away!
Beneath their feet a thouſand foes expire,
Blood ſwells the ſtreams, and heaps on heaps aſpire.
Enrag'd Canute beheld the ſlaughter riſe,
Ire fill'd his breaſt, and fury fill'd his eyes:
A ſteed he rode, whoſe tinſell'd trappings ſhin'd,
Bred on the hills, and fleeter than the wind.

He

He dances to the brazen ſound of war,
Springs with his hoofs, and bounds aloft in air.
O ſouls of cowards! (the Daniſh general cries)
To his hoarſe-ſounding voice the wood replies:
Gods! ſhall a man, a man defeat with age,
Drive back a hoſt, and wither all your rage?
Shall we replough th' ocean and return
To thoſe rough hills for ever wrapt in ſtorm?
Where at their ſides the mountain billows freeze,
And foreſts ſhiver with th' inclement breeze.
Where ſnows reſide that never felt the ſun;
Where frozen ſtreams were never taught to run;
Where ſavage rugged horrid cliffs ariſe;
Stiff with th' eternal ice of winter ſkies:
That never knew the milder ſummer's pow'r,
Where howling ſtorms and rattling tempeſts roar.
Shall we to theſe, ye gods! return again?
And tell we fled before *three ſingle men.*
Do theſe that thus ſuſtain our army's ſhock,
Boaſt iron bones? or, are they ribb'd with rock?
Like men with us they walk, they ſeem, they move,
Born but to die as this right arm ſhall prove.
He ſaid: and ſpringing forward with his horſe,
Lifts high his ſpear, and rouzes all his force;
But watchful Hay prevents his dreadful foe,
And ſtrikes the vengeful hand prepar'd to throw,
Far flies the idle ſpear along the ground,
A crimſon current iſſues from the wound.
Fear ſeize on all, they turn the ſmoking ruins,
And fly to meet the foot acroſs the plains:

Their

Their wounded heroe mingles with the throng,
Half dead with fear, and ſpurs his ſteed along.
Hay's ſons purſue the thick tumultuous crowd,
While the bold father turns and calls aloud.
O Albions! whither wou'd you fly? No foes
Pour on your rear; no hoſtile Dane purſues:
See! how before our courage bounds the foe,
No ſword we wave; no ſhining lance we throw.
Ah! wou'd to God the years theſe eyes have ſeen,
Wou'd meaſure back their rounds, and bloom again?
When roſy youth adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Smil'd on my cheek, and thunder'd in my arm:
Then not a Dane durſt Albion's mountains face,
And triumph crown'd our conq'ring arms with peace.
But now thoſe golden happy years are o'er;
Loſt in oblivion, and return no more!
With me the vernal years of man are paſt,
Life's noon declines with ev'ning clouds o'ercaſt.
Yet ſtill I live! nor do I live in vain!
My arm ſpreads terror thro' the hoſtile plain:
Fame in my breaſt, yet ſparkles with her fires;
And ſhows how you degen'rate from your ſires,
You Douglas! you whoſe progeny ſhall ſtand,
Bulwarks and future fathers to our land;
Whoſe race to guard our coaſts the ſeers invoke,
Inſpir'd by accents iſſuing from the oak;
To whom the Clans ſubmiſſive homage pay,
Do you forſake the honours of the day?
Riſe noble youth rub out th' unmanly ſtain;
O riſe! adorn'd in all thy promis'd fame;

Crowds

Crowds ready ſtand thy honour to reſound,
And future ages wait to catch the ſound.
Mark how the Daniſh foot and horſemen join!
Rally their troops and take the field again.
Hark! how the dying call with plaintive moan:
How vengeance, vengeance rings in ev'ry groân:
Come if, or pity, or renown can plead,
Poize the wing'd jav'lin and revenge the dead.

He ſaid: young Douglas hears and nobly turns,
Shame, rage and glory in his boſom burns:
He ſpurs his ſteed, inſpires his drooping men,
Rallies their force, and leads them to the plain.
On his round ſhield the ſun with radiance plays,
The fields are wide illumin'd with the blaze:
Eager for fight he ſhakes his trembling ſpear,
Tipt with the brightneſs of the morning-ſtar.
Fir'd with one ſoul his warlike men return,
Demand the battle and for vengeance burn.

Zemblute the Dane beheld them from afar;
Zemblute who led the Daniſh foot to war.
He look'd a giant of a monſtrous ſize,
Oak were his legs, and large as ſtars his eyes;
Nor ought human his grizly viſage own'd;
And when he trode, the earth beneath him groan'd;
His maſſy arms like bars of iron hung,
And when he ſpoke, the woods and mountains rung.
Not with ſo hoarſe a voice the lordly bull,
Sour in his look, and haughty in his ſoul:
When neighbouring grazing herds advance too nigh;
Roars, ſhakes the ground and ſpurns the duſt on hig'

A maſſ

A maſſy knotted iron club he wore,
And wrapt his ſhoulders round in hydes of boar.
And now both hoſts with mutual fire engage,
With equal terror and with equal rage.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Here Two Hundred and Eighty-three lines are wanting.

Thus have I ſung the horrors of the plain,
My humble muſe demands a ſofter ſcene,
To paint the foreſt, bid the roſes glow:
Or teach a ſtream in limpid verſe to flow.
Rough ſound that ſong! when angry heav'n makes war;
His iron lungs to play and brazen throat to roar;
Let other ſwains th' immortal taſk perform,
I fringe a river, and a camp they ſtorm.
But here may *Peace* extend her ſoft command,
Crown'd with rich arts, and harveſt in her hand.
O may theſe eyes that golden age behold!
That bleſt Judea's fruitful land of old,
When that great king for wiſdom far renown'd,
O'er heav'n-ſprung Iſrael reign'd with olive crown'd;
For whom Arabia breath'd her rich perfumes,
And odorous trees diſtill'd their liquid gums:
For whom the bright Sabean riv'lets roll'd,
In pearly billows, and in ſtreams of gold.
The ocean pour'd his gems along the ſhores,
And golden Ophir open'd all her ſtores.

What

What crowds from earth's remoteſt limits came,
To view his riches, and admire his fame.
Hark! Indians load with ſilk and rich attire,
From orient climes for Judah's land enquire.
See! Sheba's queen with golden preſents wait;
And tawny Ethiops crowd around his gate.
See! how in tides the artiſts thither throng,
Adorn the canvas, or exalt the dome.
See! fleets for him the unknown world explore,
And moor on lands where ſhip ne'er moor'd before.
Tempt frozen oceans or thoſe milder climes,
Where dawns the morn, or where the noon declines;
And after rifling every climate, pour
Their various treaſures on Phœnicia's ſhore.
See! how the happy people freed from war,
Flouriſh and ſmile beneath their Prince's care.
Whatever pearls the gorgeous eaſt contains,
Unenvy'd on the meaneſt ſubject ſhines.
Domes flame with gold, and ſilver's priz'd no more,
Than common pebbles on the murm'ring ſhore.
Mingl'd with rubbiſh, or with ſtones in vain,
The moon-bright mettle ſparkles on the plain.
But hear! the King myſterious truths reveal,
The ancients liſten, and the magi ſteal
To diſtant nations teach the truths they hear,
Tygers are tam'd, and ſavage natures fear:
From this amazing ſource of light began,
Learning to ſpread, and ſciences to dawn:
Brighter and brighter as it ſpreads it grows,
From hence a Solon, hence a Plato roſe.

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PASTORALS.

11632 L. 59
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BY

JOHN RANNIE.

461

THE SECOND EDITION.

" In rural ſeats the ſoul of pleaſure reigns;
The life of beauty fills the rural ſcenes;
Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew firſt the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleaſing meadow pregnant beauty preſt,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breaſt,
From Nature's ſweets he ſipp'd the fragrant dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew."

PARNELL.

PERTH:

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PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

AMINTOR AND LAVINIA.

WHILE bright'ning ſun-beams tinge the eaſt with gold,
His flocks *Amintor* follows from the fold:
And ſlow, as o'er the dewy plain they paſs,
The ſtraggling lambkins nip the tender graſs:
While homeward, oft, the ſhepherd turns his eyes
To view the ſcene where all his treaſure lies;
The ſcene, where his *Lavinia* ſmiles, and ſhares
The mellow'd joys of life—without his cares.
He heſitates—then—turns and looks again,
But, to behold his charmer, looks in vain:
And feels ſuch grief, as from her cot he hies,
As *Adam* felt when leaving Paradiſe;
Him, in his flight, his loving partner join'd,
But poor *Amintor*'s love remains behind:

Who leaves his flock along the vale to ſtray,
While, thus, he breathes his ſorrow in his lay.

AMINTOR.

Again the morning ſmiles in beauty bright,
And genial Nature feels renew'd delight;
Fair, on her ſcenes, bright Phœbus darts his ray;
Glows on the flowers and ſweeps the dew away.
The blooming hawthorn whitens round the fields,
And, to the air, the ſweeteſt fragrance yields;
Mild blows the humble daiſy in the dale,
And meekly blooms the lily of the vale:
The hills are cover'd o'er with yellow broom;
And fragrant furze, that bear a deeper bloom;
Where roams the boy, tho' ſharpeſt thorn inveſt,
That ſeeks with niceſt care the linnets neſt.
Exulting in its pride, the landſcape glows,
And ſoftly thro' the vale the river flows:
The charming ſcenes of Nature all are gay,
But, Nature's brighteſt beauty is away!

The tuneful lark, on downy wings upborn,
With melting muſic hails the roſy morn;
Breathing his ſtrain, he cleaves the vaulted ſky,
And heav'n's own echoes to his notes reply:
With ſtrains more ſoft the warblers charm each grove,
And gladden Nature with the ſongs of love.
But tho' the birds ſing ſweet on every tree,
Lavinia's ſongs are ſweeter far to me:

Tho'

Tho' with his warbling, heav'n's own echoes ring,
Lavinia ſweeter than the lark can ſing:
Sweet, as the warbling of th' angelic choir,
And, rich in melody, her ſongs expire!

Tho' Nature ſeems to chide the woes I bear,
I grieve that my *Lavinia* is not here;
For, tho' innumber'd beauties round me riſe,
When ſhe is abſent every comfort dies;
I know no happineſs but in her ſight;
Where all is harmony, and pure delight.
And now, while my ſad eyes explore the plain,
The object of their ſearch is ſought in vain.

O come *Lavinia* to thy ſhepherds arms;
And gild the face of Nature with thy charms!
O come, while yet the plumy people ſing,
And view the riſing beauties of the ſpring;
Bright ſun-beams on thy cottage windows play,
Ariſe, my beſt belov'd, and come away!
Diſplay, like ſun-beams thro' the glowing ſkies,
The living luſtre of thy beaming eyes.
And clear the clouds of grief that hang on me;
Thy ſhepherd—thy *Amintor*, waits for thee;

Bleſt Powers! in beauty, like the Cyprian Queen,
Now, with her flock, ſhe moves along the green!
While unobſerv'd, I'll lurk behind the ſhade,
And view the beauties of my blooming maid.

LAVINIA.

Fair ſpring again leads on the ſmiling hours;
Again ſhe paints the fields, and decks the bow'rs:
In yonder vale her choiceſt flow'rs abound;
And balmy gales of fragrance breathe around.
All Nature ſmiles—the feather'd race rejoice,
But yet I hear not my *Amintor*'s voice!
White on the plain his fleecy flocks appear;
His watchful dog a calm attendant near:
His friſking lambs upon the paſture play;
Ah! whither can their lovely ſhepherd ſtray?
Among his flocks, I'll leave my charge to rove;
And, in the blooming valley ſeek my love.

AMINTOR.

O ſtay, *Lavinia*—ſtay my only dear;
And ſee thy ſhepherd—thy *Amintor* here:
Bleſt in the preſence of his love to be
Supremely bleſt—becauſe belov'd of thee!

LAVINIA.

To hear thee, my *Amintor*, I rejoice;
For heav'nly is the muſic of thy voice:
And liſt'ning Angels might be proud to hear,
The love exalted accents are ſo dear.

AMINTOR.

To gaze on thee exalts me to delight;
And all the landſcape brightens on my ſight!

And

And all the woods ſhall with thy praiſes ring,
Thou'rt lovely as the lily of the ſpring!

LAVINIA.

While on thy matchleſs form I fondly gaze,
I view ſuch beauty as the ſun diſplays!
My heart heaves high with tranſport at the ſight;
Amintor, thou'rt the ſun of my delight!

AMINTOR.

I think of thee, when, thro' the ſky ſerene,
In beauty, I behold Night's Silver Queen:
As ſhe is bright, amid the ſtarry train,
Among'ſt the nymphs, thou'rt lovely on the plain.

LAVINIA.

Late as I ſtray'd, at evening's tranquil hour,
Thy tuneful ſtrains were ſweet in yonder bow'r;
I ſaw the birds around the covert throng,
To ſteal new graces from thy matchleſs ſong.

AMINTOR.

Yet far more ſoft thy melting ſtrains ariſe;
And far more ſweet the tuneful accent dies.
Thy ſong excells the linnets earlieſt lay;
Or Philomela's at the cloſe of day.

But ſee our mingled flocks at reſt are laid
Cool, and in ſhelter of the haw-thorn ſhade;

With

With ſafety we may leave our fleecy care,
And for a while to yonder vale repair;
Where Nature's milder glories are diſplay'd,
While frowning rocks o'ertop the ſhelving glade;
There let us love, while ev'ry ſcene is fair,
While nature paints the earth and ſcents the air:
For faſt, as evening ſteals upon the day,
The charms of Nature haſten to decay:
O let us then, while yet in life we're young,
Improve the moments as they roll along;
Improve the fleeting moments, ere they fling
Eternal ſhadows o'er Life's blooming Spring!

PASTORAL

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

ALEXIS AND LYSANDER.

ALEXIS.

WHILE Phœbus now his brighteſt ſplendour pours,
The buſy bees draw ſweetneſs from the flow'rs:
And now, dejected with the fervid ray,
The plumy train in ſilence preſs the ſpray:
The languid herd, with ſick'ning heat oppreſt,
Neglect their food, and under hedges reſt:
The ſheep no longer on their paſture prey;
But to ſurrounding ſhades for ſhelter ſtray:
The weary goats forſake the browzy hill,
To draw new ſpirit from the ſhrinking rill:
The ſcorching ſun beats fiercely on the bow'rs;
And Nature droops beneath his ſultry pow'rs,
While countleſs inſects wanton in the beam
That browns the bending graſs, and dries the glowing ſtream.

Lyſander,

Lysander, let us leave the sunny glade;
And seek the deeper bosom of the shade,
Where on the flow'ry turf at ease reclin'd,
A cool and fragrant shelter we may find;
For here I sicken in the solar ray;
And long to shield me from the glare of day.
But why, my friend, art thou dissolv'd in woe?
What secret sorrow prompts the tear to flow?
And wherefore dost thou turn away thine eyes
To hide the faithful tokens as they rise?
When to allay the fever of thy grief,
Consoling friendship might afford relief.

LYSANDER.

On yonder bow'r is fix'd my ardent gaze,
Whose verdure withers in the noon-tide blaze;
Remembrance pauses on the solemn scene
And tells my bleeding heart how blest I've been;
—Arranging images of lost delight,
That sink my present woes in deeper night.
Alexis, thou art but a stranger here;
Nor know'st the cause why I such torments bear;
Yet keenest agonies I still must prove;
Since lost the beauteous object of my love.

In yonder bow'r of yew and cypress move,
Where oaks expand their grateful shade above,
And near the mournful murmur of the wave,
Lies Emmelina in the peaceful grave.

The

The faireſt maid that ever grac'd the plain;
As was allow'd by all the village train.

Oh! ſhe was fair, beyond conception fair!
Moſt heav'nly was her love-inſpiring air!
And to complete the beauties of her face
Her mind was ſtor'd with each ſuperior grace:
For when admiring friends her charms allur'd,
The beauties of her mind their love ſecur'd.
Her cheek ne'er colour'd with the glow of ſhame
As from her breaſt no thought polluted came;
Still, on her face, ſhe wore fair Candour's ſmile;
And roſe in virtue, undebas'd with guile.
To wound her fame was more than ſlander dar'd,
And Envy flatter'd whom Detraction ſpar'd;
So flouriſh'd here, in innocence array'd,
The peerleſs beauty of the Sylvan ſhade.

To court her ſmile unnumber'd ſuiters ſtrove;
And many boaſting wealth implor'd her love:
But ſhe renounc'd the dazzling charms of gold,
Leſt, as the ore, the owner ſhould prove cold;
And, from the crowd that bent the yielding knee,
With partial preference, ſelected me!

I ſtrove to recompence, with honour due,
The ſmiling object of a flame ſo true;
And every action ſerv'd my heart to prove
More tender—more devoted to her love.

United

United thus, we trod the paths of youth,
Our flame increaſing, and unchang'd our truth:
Or, on the plain, or wandering in the grove,
Our boſoms glow'd with all the fire of love.
On theſe lov'd ſcenes we went together ſtill;
Our mingled flocks together ſought the hill:
While, to the woods, we breath'd our ſacred flame,
Till they became enamour'd of the theme:

Where'er we wander'd we enjoy'd content;
And Love went with us wherefoe'er we went.
The ſmiling hours, ſwift haſt'ning on their flight,
Beheld our tranſport—our unfeign'd delight.
When dire Misfortune mark'd our bliſsful ſtate,
And threw eternal darkneſs on our fate.

Where, thro' the valley winds the ſilver wave,
As Emmelina ſtray'd one penſive eve;
Her flocks along the margin ſcattered wide
Stood liſt'ning to the undulating tide;
While ſhe, reſponſive to the linnets lay,
A farewel warbled to the vaniſh'd day.

An heedleſs lamb, which near the river ſtood,
With fond attention ey'd the wand'ring flood,
And, ſtooping from the utmoſt verge to drink
The ſwelling ſurges ſwept it from the brink,

To ſave its life, fair Emmilina flew
And of a drooping willow graſp'd the bough,

Which

Which trembled o'er the ſtream, thro' verdure dank,
(The aged root deep buried in the bank)
When parted from its trunk the faithleſs ſpray,
And the proud current bore its prize away!

"I ſaw her meet the fury of the wave!"
But, oh, I ſaw without the pow'r to ſave!
Yet, ſwift as lightning, darting from the ſteep,
Then plunging ſuddenly into the deep,
I caught—and buffeting the ſurges, bore
The lovely virgin, lifeleſs to the ſhore!

But ſtill I'm doom'd the load of life to bear:
Tho' death were bliſs—and life is all deſpair.
For in her death my fondeſt hopes were croſt;
And every comfort in this world is loſt!

O Emmelina? how my weary ſoul
Loaths the ſad confines of this earthly goal!
It pants, from hence, to wing its flight on high
And meet thy ſainted ſpirit in the ſky:
O how I long, at the celeſtial ſhrine
Where thou doſt, circled round with glory, ſhine,
To call again thy angel brightneſs mine.

The ſorrowing bird, impriſon'd in a cage,
Pours forth, in like captivity its rage:
Hung out (its fellow warbler to entice
With all its moving melody of voice)

 It views

It views with fond regret its partner free,
And longs to ſhare an equal liberty;
Exhauſts in vain complaint its tuneful breath,
Till on the wires it beats itſelf to death!

But come, *Alexis*, let us ſeek the ſhade,
Where Emmelina's lov'd remains are laid;
Where thou may'ſt trace her monumental praiſe,
Which in its wounded bark the oak diſplays;
While bending o'er the duſt I hold moſt dear;
Again I pour the tributary tear!

PASTORAL

PASTORAL III.

EVENING.

DAMON AND MENALCAS.

DAMON.

WHILE modeſt Evening ſheds the grateful tear,
Releas'd from toil, the oxen homeward wear:
And o'er the plain, the ploughman whiſtles ſhrill,
As Phœbus, now deſcending on the hill,
Throws o'er the glowing weſt a thouſand dyes,
And ſtreaks with lines of gold, the varied ſkies.

MENALCAS.

And now, from food, their charge the herdſmen drive;
While loaded bees crowd thick about the hive;
Then paſs progreſſive through their narrow way,
And treaſure up the labours of the day:
Mean while, aſcending on the fleecy cloud,
The lark his ſong of rapture warbles loud.

DAMON.

The wily hawk explores the hedge with care,
Then darts upon the bird that warbles there;
With piercing talons there ſecures his prey,
And ſwift, on lengthen'd pinion, ſails away;
The lapwing lightly ſkims the marſhy ground,
And tires the ear with one unvaried ſound.

MENALCAS.

Now craving rooks, that form a ſable cloud,
Around their nightly habitation crowd;
And, to the thickeſt ſhelter of the wood,
Bear nouriſhment to fill their craving brood:
While, on the branches of yon wither'd oaks,
The owl ſhrieks, and the ſullen raven croaks.

DAMON.

But ſweeteſt muſic fills the blooming bow'rs;
And cryſtal dews hang gliſt'ning on the flow'rs:
While ſoft, and ſolemn as the ſighs of love,
The balmy zephyrs breathe in every grove.

MENALCAS.

Now, where the river draws the ſilver line,
The peacock rooſts upon the lofty pine;
And far above the diſtant village flies
The curling ſmoke, and mixes with the ſkies.

DAMON.

Now ſoftly the pale clouds of night deſcend,
As ſlowly we our flocks from paſtime bend;

Our

Our lingering flocks—that ſtill delight to ſpread,
And draw the liquid bleſſing from the blade.

MENALCAS.

But let us win'd them faſter o'er the wold,
Our neighbouring flocks have long poſſeſs'd the fold:
I ſee my Delia haſt'ning to the grove,
And cannot tarry longer from my love.

DAMON.

I ſaw her now with Roſalinda part;
Life of my ſoul, and idol of my heart;
Who waits, with ſuch anxiety, for me,
Menalcas, as thy Delia waits for thee.

MENALCAS.

Sweet is the dew-drop to the drooping flow'r;
To Philomela ſweet the evening hour:
Sweet to the bee the purple-bloſſom'd heath;
But ſweeter far to me is Delia's breath.

DAMON.

Sweet to the captive, from his dungeon born,
The lucid light that gilds the purple morn;
Sweet to the ſlave the ſound that ſets him free;
But ſweeter Roſalinda's voice to me.

MENALCAS.

Tho' bright to view the meek carnations riſe,
My Delia's cheeks outſhine their pureſt dyes:

Tho' bright the di'monds ſparkle in the mine,
Her eyes with far ſuperior luſtre ſhine.

DAMON.

Tho' bright the bloom of Sharon's lovely roſe,
On Roſalinda's cheek more beauty glows:
Tho' bright the luſtre of the evening ſtar,
The luſtre of her eye is brighter far.

MENALCAS.

Tho' fair the blooming lily of the vale,
That lily, on my Delia's breaſt looks pale:
The ſpotleſs alabaſter, when with care
'Tis poliſh'd and refin'd, looks not ſo fair.

DAMON.

Tho' mild Narciſſus' open fair to view,
On Roſalinda's breaſt they loſe their hue:
In whiteneſs it excels the mountain ſnow,
Ere, on its purity, the day-ſtar glow.

MENALCAS.

As pants for liberty the captive bird,
As pant for cooling ſtreams the thirſty herd,
As for its partner, pants yon mournful dove,
So pants my heart, oh Delia! for thy love.

DAMON.

As pants the miſer to augment his ſtore,
As pants the ſhipwreck'd ſailor for the ſhore,

As

As pants the ſire to claſp his long loſt child,
I pant, my love, to hear thy accents mild.

MENALCAS.

Relief is dear to thoſe that are in pain;
Dear to the blind their ſight reſtor'd again;
The ſtream which feeds my life is dear to me,
Yet not my Delia, half ſo dear as thee!

DAMON.

Renown is dear to the brave ſons of Mars;
Praiſe to the worthy ſoldier grac'd with ſcars;
Beyond my life my faith is dear to me,
And, Roſalinda, it is pledg'd to thee!

MENALCAS.

Should briny tears my Delia's cheeks bedew,
Mild nature ſeems to loſe each blooming hue;
The mournful gale breathes ſadder thro' the grove,
And pitying warblers ceaſe their ſongs of love.

DAMON.

Should my love ſmile all Nature looks more fair;
A ſweeter fragrance ſcents the vernal air;
More heavenly ſounds are borne along the gales,
And ſofter ſonnets warbled in the vales.

MENALCAS.

Should Delia ſing, the melting ſtrains of love
Are ſuch as warbling angels breathe above;
Attentive ſpirits liſten and rejoice;
To find perfection in a human voice.

Such

MATON.

Such mufic flows in Rofalinda's ftrains,
As fill'd with wonder Bethle'm's lowly fwains,
When the diftinguifh'd angel, from above,
Saluted them with fongs of heavenly love.

MENALCAS.

I own thy fair inherits every grace
That beautifies the mind as well as face;
But tho' in Nature's brighteft charms fhe rife,
In each—in all with her my Delia vies!

DAMON.

In beauty Delia, when fhe joins the train,
Excels the faireft virgin of the plain;
But Rofalinda dignifies the fcene,
She looks an angel, and fhe moves a Queen.

Now to the plain the fhepherds lead the fair,
Where nymphs and fwains the village paftime fhare,
There mighty love, the magnet of the foul,
Draws heart to heart, difdaining all controul.
O fly! and bring thy Delia from the grove,
Menalcas, while I haften for my love:
With pleafure's train they'll lead the dance along,
Give converfe grace—give energy to fong;
Charm the admiring throng with beauty bright,
And add new fpirit to each new delight.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL IV.

NIGHT.

AMARYLLUS.

WHILE murky ſhadows thicken o'er the plains,
And Philomela pours the only ſtrains
That break the ſilence of the Night profound,
And wake the echoes of the hills around,
Save, when, accordant, as her ſorrows flow,
The dying gale moans o'er the line of woe,
Poor Amaryllus ſeeks the lonely grove,
A ſhepherd, pining for Parthenia's love;
And, while he mourns, the victim of her ſcorn,
Thro' ſounding woods the fond complaint is borne.

AMARYLLUS.

While other ſwains enjoy the ſweets of ſleep,
From reſt ſecluded, here I'm left to weep;
To muſe and murmur o'er my wretched ſtate,
'Mid ſcenes that look as diſmal as my fate:

Here

Here left to ſtray, bereav'd of every friend,
That could a balm to my affliction lend,
In ſolitude more ſorrows to create,
The hapleſs victim of Parthenia's hate.
Take heed, ye wand'ring ſwains, and ſhun her ſnares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs.

Be likewiſe warn'd, ye ſhepherds of the plain,
Nor ſeek the fair Parthenia's heart to gain,
Leſt ye ſhould alſo fall the prey of care,
As all who court that ſcornful beauty are:
O! ſhun Parthenia—ſhe is haughty—vain:
"She firſt entices, then inſults the ſwain."
And yet her charms are ſuch alluring ſnares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs.

Parthenia! ſure there's ruin in the name,
For ſo was call'd the fair Arcadian dame,
Thro' whoſe diſdainful pride Menalcus dy'd! *
And for whoſe beauty falſe Evander ſigh'd.
Long, mindleſs of Dione, had he run,
Purſuing her by whom he was undone;
So round the taper the fond inſect flies,
Enamour'd of the flame in which it dies.
Parthenia's charms are more alluring ſnares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs.

And better far for ever ſtopp'd the breath,
Than every hour to ſuffer worſe than death;

To

* GAY'S *Dione*.

To feel the pangs of complicated pain
In a tormenting Beauty's proud diſdain;
To pine the bloom of roſy life away,
Deteſt the Night, and loath the joyful day;
Yet ſuch the woes that Amaryllus proves,
Unminded try the object that he loves:
Parthenia heeds not Amaryllus ſighs;
She heeds not Amaryllus tho' he dies!
Be warn'd, ye blooming ſwains, and ſhun her ſnares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs.

Gay as the blitheſt ſhepherd on the green,
Once Amaryllus in the dance was ſeen;
Jovial and free, a ſtranger then to care,
I claim'd in all the village-ſports a ſhare;
Light, as the hours, I flew along the wild,
Fair hope and ſmiling Fancy's playful child;
That now I ſeek the village-ſports no more,
Nor blooming plains with mirthful meaſures wore;
The hours no longer teem with joy to me.
O Love! they now are ſadden'd all by thee!
The while Parthenia's pride augment my cares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs!

Well I remember when the village train
Firſt led the gay Parthenia to the plain:
Fair as the lily among thorns is ſeen,
She ſtood among the virgins on the green,
Intranc'd I ſaw, and, burning with deſire,
Then, love, and not till then, I felt thy fire:

The

The model of perfection ſtood in view,
And ſwift o'er every charm my glances flew,
Take heed, ye ſwains, of her alluring ſnares,
Who ſees her loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs!

Altho' my tongue the riſing flame conceal'd,
My eyes the paſſion of the ſoul reveal'd,
And while each glance with love and tranſport ſtream'd,
Parthenia's eyes with equal paſſions beam'd;
She often gave me, rich in all that charm'd,
The look that flatter'd, and the ſmile that warm'd;
While Fancy's imag'd ſcenes of future joy,
And hope inſur'd me bliſs without annoy:
Ah! ſoon I ſaw hope's promis'd dreams decay,
And fancy fairy proſpects fade away;
Ideal pleaſure ſunk in real pain—
Which ſaps the dregs of life that now remain.
Be warn'd, ye blooming ſwains, and ſhun her ſnares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs!

Soon as I led the virgin to the grove,
And to her ear convey'd the ſtrains of love,
Cold as the wind, on which the ſounds were borne,
The vows of paſſion ſhe return'd with ſcorn.
Take heed, ye blooming ſwains, and ſhun her ſnares,
Who ſees her, loves—who loves, like me, deſpairs!

Now Cynthia in the eaſt her orb diſplays,
And all the ſtarry glories round her blaze;

They

They pour a luſtre o'er the face of Night,
Ah! whither ſhall I fly to ſhun the light?

Lo! in the gloom of yonder diſmal cave,
Whoſe rugged ſides the daſhing ſurges lave,
I'll waſte the remnant of my hours in grief,
And only hope in death the kind relief!

But ſhould it prove a haunt where ghoſts convene,
While cheerleſs midnight holds her ſullen reign,
Pale ſpectres round may caſt the hollow glare,
And rouze to raging madneſs deep deſpair!
Envenom'd ſerpents poiſon with their breath,
Or yelling furies terrify to death!—
Yet, let me death or madneſs undergo,
So I, in either ſtate, forget my woe!

Farewel, ye blooming fields! ye flow'ry plains!
Farewel, my tuneful pipe, thy ſprightly ſtrains!
Farewel, my flocks, that ſeem'd to ſhare my pain,
Be now the care of a more happy ſwain!
Farewel, my friends, no more I meet your view,
I wiſh you well, and bid you all adieu!
Farewel, Parthenia! lovely, cruel maid,—
Farewel thy ſcorn, I only would have ſaid!
I bear thine image on my bleeding heart,
And, till I reſt in death, we will not part!

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"BUSK, O buſk my bonie Bride,"
And dry your eyes wi' anguiſh ſtreaming,
For our approach, all eyes on Clyde
Are now wi' expectation beaming;
We'll there enjoy the merry day,
For here your days are dim'd wi' ſorrow,
There paſs in love the night away,
And think nae mair on gloomy Yarrow.

How can I buſk a bonie Bride,
And how can I refrain frae weeping,
When he is toſs'd on Ocean wide,
Wha has my waefu' heart in keeping!
Ah! lang lang maun I view wi' pain
The ſtream made bitter wi' my ſorrow,
And for his coming, lang in vain,
Look frae the flow'ry braes of Yarrow!

But leave me ſtill, a weeping maid,
By Yarrow's lonely wave to languiſh,
For, ſooner than conſent to wed,
The Grave ſhall bury a' my anguiſh:
Though apprehenſion's ſhadows gloom
Dark o'er the night of deep'ning ſorrow,
Yet, true to love, I'll preſs the tomb,
For him that won my heart on Yarrow!

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TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Poetical Fragment in this No. was written by a Young Man, whose productions are very much esteemed, perhaps too partially, among his acquaintances. He died in the prime of Life, leaving this poem in the unfinished state in which it is now presented to public view. If it shall appear as valuable to the public, as it does to the few friends who have read the manuscript, the Editors will be justified, in sending it abroad in its present *imperfect* state.

It is unnecessary to add, that it is in every sense an *unfinished* Poem, the candid Reader will make liberal allowance for many blemishes he may discover, which the correcting hand of the author, would perhaps have amended, had he lived to finish it.

The Editors beg leave to suggest, that if any Lover of Poetry feels disposed to finish this little Fragment, they will republish the whole in a still more splendid manner.

PERTH, Dec. 23, 1790.